DEAR FRIENDS AND FELLOW WORKERS: November and December, 1928.

This 'Prayer Bell' has to be in the printer's hands long before Christmas time, still it will only get to you about then, and, as the Lord tarries, we would wish every one linked up with us in the fellowship of our God for the extension of His Kingdom, 'A blessed Christmas' full of heavenly treasure.

Our hearts often go out to you all in different countries and we thank you all for your prayer, and gifts, and letters, and tokens of love, that keep us rejoicing and help us along, and make it possible for us to carry on, even when the enemy is coming in like a flood. We thank the Lord for every remembrance of you all, and we thank Him, too, for fresh lessons of fellowship learned through you.

Recently we had a visit from Mr. Adams, of the Bible Society, with his magic lantern. Our big Mukti church was well filled and all enjoyed hearing what the Society is doing, and the girls contributed forty rupees towards the spread of the Gospel literature.

We still keep printing our Mukti tracts, as the Lord sends in the money. So many, many requests come in for them, and we do feel sorry when we cannot give all that is asked for, but paper and ink can get finished, and we have to let the printing stop until new supplies come in.

A good number of Bibles have been sent out, and every one felt glad when requests for these came from two new places, where we had not sent any before. We pray that through all the copies of the ‘Word’ scattered, treasure may be laid up in heaven at the feet of the Master. How we’ll rejoice when we meet the souls, saved through this ministry, that we kept at it, and pressed on in face of many difficulties. Keep this seed well-watered.

Our Bible-school girls are working hard, and some will finish the course in April (D.V.) and then they will be available for Gospel work. Oh pray that the Holy Spirit may truly come upon some of these, and make them as ‘flames of fire’ as they give out the Gospel to their own people.

Our Mukti school has been bereft by the departure of Krishnabai for England; we hope all she will see and learn there will deepen her life in God, and teach her more of His wonder-working power. She expects to be away for a year, perhaps longer. In the meantime Rebeccabai and Bhimabai are carrying on in school. Three of our girls finish their Teachers’ Training this month and then we hope they will be real ‘helps’ in the work.

Two of our own girls have finished their training in hospital, and are now fully fledged nurses, hard at work here.

Two of our babies have gone into the Heavenly Land recently; Jesus had need of them,
Miss Wells has been looking after the building all over the place, and I’m sure she has often wished she could do it herself. The Lord sent along Mr. Fletcher for a few days. He is a builder and had just come from furlough, so he was fresh and able to give a good lift to a specially difficult bit of work. We did enjoy having him with us, and we had blessed spiritual fellowship too.

Will friends who send Christmas parcels remember to declare them at the minimum value, and then we will not have so much duty to pay at this end. With this number of the Prayer Bell, friends will receive a copy of the balance sheet. We feel every gift sent in is precious to the Lord, and we honestly seek to expend it under His direction.

Now I must give you another belated but interesting report, from Miss Brazier:

**MEDICAL**

We have much to praise God for this year. The health of the Institution has been wonderfully good on the whole. The missionary staff, with the exception of Miss Berkin who has gone on furlough, have been quite well, and have been given extra strength for their strenuous work.

Dr. Smedley, who went home on furlough was called to be with the Lord, after an operation in America, and we are still without a doctor to take her place.

Our ‘Sunshine Hospital’ has been quite busy this year with minor complaints. Last year we had measles and chickenpox, and again this year measles started on December 8th and ended the last of February. We had 70 cases in all. Now we are trying to nurse back to strength some of the weak ones who have been left very fragile by the disease.

The hospital still needs tiles for the tin roof, which is very trying and hot for fever patients.

Dr. Greenfield, of the Mission Hospital in Poona, has been so good to us, and paid us visits periodically, and has examined our girls, and prescribed for them when necessary, and has sometimes taken them into her own hospital when it was needful. We do appreciate all her kindness very much.

Our Sanatorium has fourteen patients. Doctor sent four of our girls in, who needed to live in the fresh air and be built up, and three have been brought back into Mukti as they had been so much benefitted by their stay at the Sanatorium.

**THE NURSERY**

We have a flourishing little family here of 37, from one month to three years old. Seven little boys have crept in among us. We do not as a rule take boys, we always say, ‘We don’t want them’; but here they are.

One little fellow was adopted by Indian Christians, and has a good home. Another home has opened up for a boy; if we are sure that it is the place for him we’ll be glad to let him go.

Thirty-three babies have been admitted this year. Eleven of this number only stayed with us for a short time, and then went to ‘the Good Shepherd, who carries the lambs.’ Six of these left us in July.
When the rains come on these little bottle-fed babies find it very hard to do without their mothers' milk, and the rain and dampness is often too much for them.

We praise the Lord that He has spared so many to us, and deem it a privilege to care for them, and our hearts' desire is that they may grow up to be 'a praise and glory to His Name.' Some who came as unwanted baby girls years ago are now giving the Gospel to their own people, and we feel it has been worth all the care we have given them.

DEFECTIVE DIVISION

There have been many changes here. Seven have been added, one from the 'Rescue Home' and three from the big girls. They were found incapable of caring for themselves, and needed closer supervision. Three defective girls were sent to us from Gujerat. This brings the number up to 54 in this division. They are certainly not much of an acquisition, but we shudder to think what their lives would be if they were out in the world, and we care for these for His sake.

Three who became uncontrollable had to be passed on to the Mental Hospital in Poona. In many cases as they get older the mind gets weaker, and they are more difficult to manage.

The Superintendent of the Mental Hospital, with his wife, paid us a visit after he had received our patients. I think he was satisfied that the women we had sent were fit subjects for his care. He very kindly said, 'If you have any that you cannot manage here just send them to me for observation.'

Two from this division died this year, one of tuberculosis, and the other, a simple little girl, had fever a few days and passed away.

Two also are bedridden and need special attention all the time. Another has gone for years on her hands and knees, but Dr. Greenfield took her to Poona, and amputated one of her legs, so now she is able to get about upright on crutches.

We get quite a good bit of work done through these spoiled bits of humanity. They carry lumber, bricks and stones to where we are building or repairing. They sweep and clean many of our Mukti compounds, and a few make sun-dried bricks. So even they add to the general comfort and prove themselves useful.

Please 'hold up' the five matrons who care for them. Their work of supervision is most difficult and trying.

SANITATION

Last April this department underwent a change. A man was hired to do all the outside work, while the work on the inside continues to be done by our girls. One cart carries the rubbish far away where it is put into trenches, and two carts carry out the dirty water to the fields.

This year, for the benefit of our sanitary carts, a very fine road was made by Miss McGregor round the field leading to the trenches. This has been a great boon, for formerly during the rains the carts stuck in the mud and we had great difficulty.
This year we have had an extra good rainy season, and I don’t know what we should have done without this good road.

**OUR WASHING CLASS**

As the Lord sent us three new missionaries at the end of last year this class had to be enlarged. There are two divisions of it. One lot of girls wash for the missionaries and the other lot for our children, babies, hospitals, and defective people, who cannot do their own work.

We have tried to make the work as easy as possible by enlarging the stone washing place round the well, a house has been built in which to do the boiling, wire clothes’ lines have been put up, and clothes pins provided, several new irons’ have been bought and the ironing room repaired.

The majority of the ‘washers’ belong to our old girls’ class, and I do not think they would be happy doing any other kind of work, for they have freedom to go out and in.

All the washing is carried out to one of the wells in a field. This is quite a distance away, and it is a picturesque sight to see the girls with their bundles on their heads filing along the road in the early morning.

**THE CARPENTERS AND MASONs**

The work of this class has been very varied, we have not done all we want to do. Our married peoples’ houses in Bethel are not yet built. The daily repairs and upkeep of the buildings is quite an item. We have tried to do ‘first things first.’

Wells have been repaired and the troughs round them. A large stone ditch has been built around the bathing well. Five new tanks for water in different places are now in evidence. Two new walls have been put up, making two extra rooms. Many rooms and bathrooms, etc., have had stone floors put down in place of the mud ones, and they are a real treat—clean and cool.

The carpenters have been busy making doors and windows and repairing roofs, doing their best to keep even with the wind storms that have caused so much damage. A good deal of tiling had to be done. The blind girls’ quarters have been extended, and they say, ‘Our house is a palace now.’ You would think it a very unpretentious one, but to them, after being cramped up in a small dormitory, it seems so nice and roomy.

This year we have had water pipes laid to some of the compounds, and taps put in, so that they can get water close at hand instead of having to carry it ever so far from the well or the tank.

Gates for the farm have been made and a large compound for the fodder. The wind blew down the iron walls round the children’s compound. This has been replaced by a wire fence and a nice green hedge of bushes. The blossoms’ compound has been done too, and the children rejoice in it, and it looks much nicer.

So we toil on month after month, the sound of the hammer being heard daily; with stones, brick, mortar, screws and nails, we try to keep in repair the homes in which our Mukti family is sheltered.
THE RESCUE HOME

We have had a moving company here, constant going and coming. Twenty-two admitted and twenty-three have left. Two were married, four were transferred to another division, three ran away, and one died. We still have fifty-five to care for.

A spirit of discontent crept in among the younger girls; they too wanted to go somewhere, or wanted to be married; in fact, they scarcely knew what they did want. They have been put here because they could not be controlled elsewhere, nobody wants naughty girls; yet these are souls for whom Christ died. Often we ask ourselves where we have failed; they are individually dealt with, and each morning they have an hour with the Bible, and the best spiritual teaching that Mukti can give. Sometimes there seems a hunger in their hearts and we are hopeful; then again they seem further away than ever.

One night a terrific storm broke over us—thunder, lightning, wind and rain. The girls huddled together, not knowing what was going to happen as every peal of thunder grew louder and crashed overhead. One of the younger girls said, 'I believe the Lord is coming and I am not ready.' She ran to the matron, falling at her feet, and said, 'Do pray for me, I am not ready to meet God, I have stolen and lied and been disobedient, do pray for me.' So while the storm raged we had a prayer meeting, and God heard and touched this girl's heart. She confessed many of her misdeeds. The next morning she said, 'Auntie, I praise God for the storm last night, I am now ready to meet God. Will you forgive me for all the trouble I have given you, and pray for me.'

So God gives us glimpses of light through the darkness, and we are encouraged to press on and step out afresh on His precious promises. Let us not be weary in well doing, for 'in due season ye shall reap if ye faint not.' May we keep closer than ever to Jesus and dwell deeper in our God and ever give to Him our utmost, and may you in the different homelands, and we here in the darkness, ever be ready to His hand, and responsive to His voice, that He may make of us links in the chain that brings souls to God.

Yours in His service,
M. Lissa Hastie.

RAMABAI MUKTI MISSION,
KEDGAON,
POONA DISTRICT, INDIA.
RAMABAI MUKTI MISSION
Financial Report for the Year ending March 31st, 1928

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Rs. 60,941 7 7

I have this date audited the books of the Ramabai Mukti Mission, and certify the same to be correct.

April 1, 1928.

BERT B. SIEGEL, B.Sc.,
Akola, Berar.